

A COQUETTE.
She's a flirt and she knows it,
Expert, and she shows it.
In each word and act.
She laughs and she chatters,
She chaffs and she flatters,
Mankind to distract.
Her shy little glances
I try to see dances,
To follow in vain!
Each man she advances
Who can her advances
Enchanting disdain?
I sigh: she is tender;
I try to defend her
From trouble or harm.
She smiles, and I woo her,
Her wiles bring me to her,
Subdued by her charm.
She's a witch, and she knows it,
She's rich—who'd suppose it,
So simple her art?
I love her—confound her!
But hover around her—
—Chicago Tribune.

AN ALL-NIGHT PARTY.

BY ERNEST DE LANCEY PIERSON.

(Copyrighted, 1897.)

Frog's Hollow is the poetic name given to a small settlement in the mountains of Virginia. It lies miles away from civilization, and in a region where every road seems to end abruptly in a jungle and you must carve your way along to any desired destination by slow and painful degrees.

Frog's Hollow is called a settlement by courtesy, for it consists of but four houses, a blacksmith shop, and a general store and hotel combined, all in more or less dilapidated condition, and standing in a valley surrounded by towering peaks that assume strange and weird shapes when seen by moonlight.

I was on my way to look up some tobacco interests when my horse lost his shoe, and I was compelled, somewhat reluctantly, to spend a night at Frog's Hollow in the weather-beaten old road-house which did duty as a hotel. The landlord was visibly worried over my presence, and it was with some hesitation that he showed me into a room about six feet square in the gables and furnished with a pine-needle mattress and ornamented with a dodo of smoked hams and fitches of bacon, which made the air very appetizing with a strange combination of odors.

Jim Boker, as the landlord called himself, said afterward, regarding his suspicions of me, "I 'lowed when I first seen you with that speckled muslin shirt on, an' them jewelry fixins, that you was a shiner, but when I seed you heften 'ple finter yer mouth with a fork I knowed you were a gambler, for I always noticed them gent's eats that way in the cities."

Boker, besides holding the various positions in town of justice of the peace, postmaster, coroner and hotel-keeper, was an object of great interest for miles around, because he had once gone on a cheap excursion to Richmond, and he was never tired of retelling his exploits in that city when the usual loafers had gathered about the fire-place in the back room of the grocery chewing like cows great cuds of tobacco and smoking their pipe pipes. Boker had a brass watch he had bought as a souvenir of his visit to the city, and he had a great way of taking it out every now and then in the midst of one of his remarkable lies and gravely referring to the broken dial, shutting the case finally with a snap and restoring it to the depths of his waistcoat pocket with the remark: "Peers like the old box is runnin' a little slow to-day," or "Wal, now, I've went and forgot to wind it agin."

I arrived at Frog's Hollow in the afternoon and I lost no time in getting Mr. Boker to prepare me a good meal, while I took a refreshing dip in a cold mountain spring which flowed about a quarter of a mile from the hotel.

When I returned, feeling more like a Christian, I found that the worthy landlord had exerted himself well in my behalf. There was a pitcher of milk, an enormous pie, some cakes, fried ham, and lastly a "fricasee" of chicken, as Boker called a savory stew, intended no doubt that having seen the place he knew the meaning of a fricasee.

I did justice to the menu and the affable host kept me company chattering robbily, and taking no end of questions about the great world of which he had once had such a fleeting glimpse. He was evidently proud to be seen engaged in conversation with a city man, for he would occasionally turn his head toward the window and smile affably at the row of tow-headed natives, who were surveying me with awed expressions in their faces over the window-sill, until I felt like a monstrosity on exhibition in a museum.

After I had wrought considerable havoc in the wine, we sat out on the porch, still followed by an admiring crowd, and I was offered a cob pipe by my host filled with a highly-flavored, green tobacco, which gave forth a strong acrid smoke, yet not unpleasant.

the bark of a fox, or the hoot of a night owl, and above us hung, like a great pearl, the pale moon, which shed a mild radiance on the tortuous roadway choked with brush and young saplings.

As we had "no women to carry," we were able to make good progress, but the fact that some unobserved bush would spring back and hit me in the face at regular intervals during the journey rather discouraged the development of poetic thought. So I did not enjoy the scenery as much as I might had it been viewed from the luxurious seclusion of a Pullman car.

Getting struck between the eyes by a sturdy young birch tree is very apt to knock any sentiment that is forming in one's mind at the time, and I am afraid the wood nymphs, if there were any around, were considerably shocked at some of my off-hand expressions of disgust.

Often at intervals during the ride we came upon family parties in rickety carry-alls on their way to the festivities. And I caught fleeting glimpses of brightly-eyed girls surveying me curiously as we swept by from the depths of their grotesque-looking vehicles.

In most of the wagons we passed was a hair trunk and sometimes a rough packing box, which Mr. Boker informed me contained "the women's fixins," in which they were to array themselves when they arrived at the scene of the festivities.

"Tilow," said the landlord, "that you'll see some pretty tidy-lookin' gals to-night by keepin' your eyes shucked. We grow some tolerable fine 'uns in these parts, but you don't want to honey none vut them as has got fellers, for they're snapshooters, them that comes from the mountains."

He immediately made haste to inform Mr. Boker that I had no intention of provoking lovers' quarrels; and as we had at length come in sight of our destination the conversation was dropped for the nonce.

The house owned by Wink Nixon where the party was to be held was a long one-story rambling affair, built of rough-hewn logs trimmed of the bark, and through the open doorway could be seen the flashing of many figures and the sound of the fiddles industriously scraped.

After we had dismounted and quartered our horses Mr. Boker led me into the super-room first as he said, "I ain't no good on my feet until I gets about five fingers o' tangiefoot inter my cistern," meaning, I suppose, by that his "system."

The super-room was at the rear of the main building, and was a room probably used as the store-house from its dimensions, and the tables had been improvised for the occasion out of planks laid on rough log trestles and covered with sheets of unbleached muslin. It was lit by guttering tallow dips (a luxury only indulged in on festive occasions) stuck in bottles resting in brackets made out of shingles nailed to the posts in the room.

In one corner of the shed stood a barrel, on which were two demijohns and a row of tin cups. Here the host of the evening, Mr. Wink Nixon, dispensed hospitality. He had on a flaming red shirt, and his face looked like a baked apple so seamed was it with wrinkles.

He was a jolly-looking old fellow, and one of the liveliest men of seventy I ever saw. "You ain't seen Mandy, ye have ye?" he asked me after we had comfortably seated the inner man with a copious draught of the smooth mountain whiskey. We acknowledged we had not had the pleasure of meeting his daughter yet having just arrived. Well, you want to see her, said the old man with paternal pride, "I sent all the way to town to git her dress

fer this show, and she's looking as fine as fine as one of them women in the cigarette signs," that evidently represented to his mind the acme of art.

We cleaned our boots of the soil of the road, and then, in coming to the party, and entered the main part of the house. Imagine a room about twenty feet long and ten broad, with great smoke-stained rafters, and lit by torches of resinous pine sticks in niches in the wall and tallow dips. At one end of the room seated on barrels were two venerable darkies scraping on fiddles and wagging their snowy heads to and fro to the music or rather the squeaking they drew from the instruments in their hands.

Along the sides of the wall were arranged a row of benches crowded with people who surveyed the movements of their friends who capered about on the sanded floor with glances of envy and longing.

The girls who were dancing were most of them pretty. They had on neat calico dresses, made very simply and wore their hair drawn back from their forehead and tied in a simple knot at the back of the head. These mountain girls all seemed to have dazling complexions, the result of plenty of exercise and breathing the strong, play air of the hills, which is quite a tonic in itself.

After I had wrought considerable havoc in the wine, we sat out on the porch, still followed by an admiring crowd, and I was offered a cob pipe by my host filled with a highly-flavored, green tobacco, which gave forth a strong acrid smoke, yet not unpleasant.

seen another man makin' up to his gal, why there's no knowin' but what he might pull a bead on him and drop him. Jim's mighty handy with his gun an' a dead shot, and he ain't no respecter of laws nor nobody."

"Well, that may be all true, Mr. Boker, but as I see she is the only girl here without a partner I am just going to ask her if she will let me have the pleasure of the next reel," I said, "for I am determined to get a dance in somehow."



Mr. Boker surveyed me for some moments in amazement.

"Well, you air a fire-eater and no mistake, young feller, to want to have a bout with the toughest man in these parts. You may get out all right if Jim don't turn up, but blame me if I want to be around of he does."

But the smooth mountain whiskey had given me a good deal of courage, and I was not to be put out by Mr. Boker's mournful predictions, so he engaged her for the next reel. She was a fine specimen of the rural coquette and managed her great black eyes in quite an artful way, considering how few her social advantages had been.

Her conversation was very limited, but



As I danced with a great deal of grace, displaying her fine figure to advantage, and altogether made a very agreeable partner.

We were in the middle of the dance, and the fiddlers were scraping away at their fiddles the lively tune of "Shoo Fly," when I became aware, instinctively, that someone was looking at me from the window, and turning beheld a tall mountaineer with a red beard leaning on his rifle and surveying me with a half mocking expression in his face.

I don't know how it was, but I felt that the man in the window was Jim Smith, and this fact, I unhesitatingly and boldly confessed to the man with the half mocking expression in his face.

I took my little mountain-pink over to a secluded portion of the ball-room and had soon forgotten all about Mr. Smith's malevolent glances in listening to the girl as she prattled on in her naive way about herself and how every man in the



mountains was secretly in love with her, and other little conceits. I looked at my watch and suggested finally we should go in to the supper-room and try some of Nixon's cold roast squirrels and Mama Nixon's fowls and celebrated berry pies which Mr. Boker had told me about on the way there.

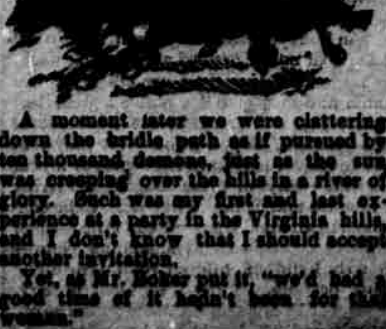
The girl I observed curiously seemed very nervous and rather reluctant to go, but finally said: "Wal, I don't keer. Peers like I do feel sorter peckish."

"Wal, of you go at all, Liz," said a rough voice from our elbow, "why you'll go with me, and I'll stan' here to let day light through the man as says she's a shiner!" I felt the girl's arm tremble in mine and a nervous chill went over me. I turned slowly around and confronted Jim Smith, the moonshiner, leaning on the barrel of his Winchester rifle, with a malevolent look on his flushed face.

"I don't allow," he said in a thick voice, "no man to fool around my Liz; least of all such a duck as you" (with a sneer). "My name's Jim Smith, and you an' me'll have this thing settled right here!" his voice rising to a roar.

The room was in an uproar at once. I reached nervously for my pistol in my hip pocket. It was gone! The next moment I was looking down the barrel of Jim Smith's rifle, expecting to hear every moment the click which would send me to eternity. At that moment the friendly face of Jim Boker was seen in the window. He took in the situation in a second.

"Smith!" he yelled; "here's the Reverend!" Smith turned like a flash, and as he did so I struck him with all the force I could with the stool I had nervously clutched during the excitement. The moonshiner fell like a log, and in the consternation that ensued I vaulted through the window and found dear old Jim Boker ready with the two horses already saddled.



ATTAINMENT.

CLINTON KOLLAR.

Through many a season's gradual change
The muse I strove to find;
In vain o'er wide leagues did I range,
She fled across the wind.
From love some solace then I sought;
Alas! the world was dry;
When'er to capture him I thought,
He flitted fast away.
But now both song and love are mine,
I have not a'n to choose;
Sweet, lift those perfect eyes of thine,
Thou art my love and muse.
—New York Home Journal.

TWO PLEASANT CITIES.

Jenny June on the Social Traits of Washington and Baltimore.



Washington as a city is unique in the United States, and it is rapidly combining all the aristocratic elements, and will not only be the most beautiful but the most pleasure-making city in the Union.

Its fine position, its broad, smooth streets and park-like avenues, its official character, its freedom from commerce and manufactures, the certainty of governmental disbursements, and the evenness of the life which flows on, no matter what the change in the straws which float down with it, all tend to create a city which has not its equal in the world for essential attributes of enjoyment, and will more and more attract the wealth and earnest leisure, the retired potencies of the business and financial worlds, and whatever else goes to make the sum of modern material life. The conditions are aided by climate, and will be in the near future by field and garden products from the fruitful fields waiting for the skillful nurseryman in the near vicinity. The Washington markets are even now well and much more cheaply supplied than those of New York; but they are not equal to those of Baltimore and Philadelphia, while the trading in other directions, such as clothing and furnishing, is confined to trifles, Washington ladies making their more important purchases in Baltimore, Philadelphia or New York.

This will probably always be the case. The "season" in Washington is not long enough, the population is too much affected by its floating element, and the current sets too strongly against a commercial spirit, to encourage great commercial enterprises, which have after all a trivial motive, and require the constant presence of luxury-loving, money-spending patrons. There is no finer hotel life now in the world than is to be found in Washington, and it only needs a little higher cultivation, time at table, prompt and silent service, and the possibility of trained, individual attendants, to become an ideal of hotel-living. That all will come in time is as certain as that the sun will rise, and in the meantime Washington is acquiring residences which are veritable palaces, and property in certain desirable localities is going for higher prices than in any town on the Northern Pacific.

A distance of forty miles is only an hour by railroad, and this makes Baltimore near neighbor to Washington. It might be supposed that some jealousy would exist on the part of the latter, or at least that there would be rivalry of interest between two cities each possessing an importance of its own, yet differing widely in elemental character and sources of greatness. No such thought, however, could enter the mind of the true Baltimorean. He, or rather she—for the spirit of Baltimore is certainly a woman—stands in serene composure on her own claims to the bluest of blood, and the undisputed possession of the best of everything this world can afford, and her outside affiliations are more in a spirit of concession to the leveling demands of the age than from any desire or expectation of service to her own city.

Yale Baltimore is not secluded; it is proverbial for its hospitality, its taste, its cultivation and its refinement—it may also be said, for the preservation in its integrity of its home life. Its conservative tendencies are perhaps the reason why it has been less affected by the money-making craze which has swept over women and drawn them away from the children and the home into the arena of active life. In Baltimore there are still homes where children are born and reared by their mothers—where the lady of the house cultivates her tastes, is able to fill the gaps occasioned by lack of service, and can be the ministering angel needed in all households in times of sickness or emergency, and which is not daily being supplanted by the trained nurse at \$50 per week, with board and washing.

I wish I could say one word out of the depths of experience to those men who possess the inestimable treasure of a wife who is a good home-maker, and content to be so. First her, and make her feel that you do so. Do not let her have to ask for the money she needs for the supply of her wants; and, as far as you can with justice to your united interests, be generous.

Baltimore possesses some things that are unsurpassed of their kind by any other city in this country. Its Johns Hopkins University has a world-wide reputation, and if it had been placed in the beginning, as it should, on the broadest foundation, and given to the girls of Maryland the opportunities it afforded to boys, it would have been the first and greatest institution of the kind in the world. But it is not creditable that with a Johns Hopkins University in the city of Baltimore a Baltimore girl should have to go to the little town of Zurich, in Switzerland, to obtain a university education.

The Pratt Library is a noble building, dedicated to a noble purpose; but it is in its experimental stage as yet. Whether it will be equal to all that is hoped and expected of it must depend on its present management, and the quality of its guides its councils. It is already doing a great work and exerting a power in supplying the needs of struggling intellectual life, which moderns appreciate more than the mere devourers of popular literature.

Nothing is being done in Baltimore to stimulate and educate the public taste for art in its best and most refined sense—in the painting and sculpture, in the music of Mr. T. W. Higginson, and in the collection of the Baltimore Museum.

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effects in America. Integrity in the motive, knowledge in the pursuit, confidence in the work, are the only way through, and give a comprehensive and satisfaction to the acquisitions of a whole, not realized so fully, as in the same way, in any collection with which I am acquainted. Mr. Walters is a man of curious information; he is too busy a man to go much into personal society, but there is no subject connected with art and its history upon which he does not possess all of interest that is known concerning it, and often much not accessible to the reader, but which has come to him through his intimate personal knowledge of artists and their strong, personal friendship and affection for him. Bonnat's picture of himself—the only one he ever painted—presented to Mr. Walters, is one of the evidences of the sentiment they entertain for a man whom they know enters into their world with a full understanding of all its aspirations, struggles, cares, failures and triumphs. It is rarely that two men, both completely and eminently successful in such widely-different pursuits as business and the love of knowledge of art, should exist in one man, but the two are certainly and admirably united in Mr. Walters.

I have not the space left to go into a detailed account of the treasures gathered under his roof and which have been frequently described. The one thing that can be said, is the year by year it grows more perfect, while the same rare things whose cost and experimental character prevent attempts at reproduction Mr. Walters possesses the whole there is, and thus gives unique value to that which is already of rare and peculiar interest. His gallery possesses the finest Troyon, the most perfect Breton, the most contemplative and poetic Millet, the most exquisite Alma Tadema (Sappho), the best Delacroix, one of the finest Caravaggio, by far the cleverest of the Fortuny pictures ("The Rare Vase"), and the most charming Rousseau in existence. There are many other well-known best examples of different masters, but these stand out as happy inspirations or the results of elevated moods which their authors could hardly hope to ever again reach. Mr. Walters' gallery of porcelains is admirably well arranged and classified for study. Like his pictures, a certain standard is preserved throughout the collection; there is nothing trivial, coarse or meretricious. The beginning can be traced from the Korean ware to the finest specimens of blue and white Hizen and Jades that have not their equal in any of our museums. These beautiful objects are grouped together in cases so that visitors can examine them to the greatest advantage and the utmost interest to themselves. There is a Nuremberg room and a Louis Seize room in Mr. Walters' house, and in addition to a small gallery of water-colors, nearly all of Leon Bouvins' exquisite little pictures of fruits, flowers, or landscapes in miniature. Two rooms are devoted to an entire collection of Barye's bronzes, with the exception of the large pieces which Mr. Walters gave to the city of Baltimore, and which occupy the square in front of his house in Mount Vernon Place. Mr. Walters has recently conferred an additional obligation upon art lovers by having printed in an extremely tasteful and beautiful manner the "Notes upon Certain Masters of the Nineteenth Century," made by the celebrated French critic, M. Albert Wolff.

The notes are more than an estimate of certain works; they consist of a critical estimate and very interesting personal sketches of those great painters who contributed to the famous exhibition in Paris of the "Hundred Masterpieces," in 1889. The translation preserves the delicate mastery of style and the sympathetic understanding of the original, and is especially interesting in view of the possession by Mr. Walters of several of the masterpieces and fine examples of all of the painters whom Mr. Wolff grouped in his sketches, Corot, Millet, Delacroix, Daubigny, Diaz, Troyon, Rousseau, and others.

JENNY JUNE.

A CIVIL ACADEMY.

The Establishment Urged of a School to Supply Recruits to the Civil Service.

The first of the reports of the bureau of education for this year contains a rather novel project, novel at least to Americans. Dr. H. B. Adams, professor of history in the Johns Hopkins University, the writer of the report, earnestly urges the establishment of an institution similar to the *Ecole Libre* at Paris, or the *Statistik Bureau* at Berlin. He urges that as the schools at West Point, Annapolis, Newport and elsewhere supply the country with soldiers and sailors, the government ought to make the thing complete by establishing in Washington, in the midst of the departments, an academy in which to train up young men for its civil service.

The scheme proposes that each congressional district should send two young men to this district. The young men, after passing the entrance examinations, will receive \$500 per annum for necessary expenses, as is now the case at the other academies. The course should consist of two years; in the subjects of geography (physical, historical and economic), history (political, constitutional and diplomatic), modern languages, political economy, forestry, statistics, administration, international law, comparative legislation and collection. This is the theoretical part of the proposed course; the practical will consist in working a few hours daily in the various departments so as to get acquainted with the actual work of the government. This way it is urged that the government would acquire a set of highly-trained young men for its various home departments and abroad. Mr. Tremblin, the controller of the currency, proposed to introduce this system in a small way, by taking young men from the various departments and sending them to the academy to receive a course of private bank service.

Such are the methods in vogue in Paris and Berlin. It is proposed to have a similar plan to Washington. The young men, on graduating from the government schools, receive positions in the government service, and are sent to the academy to receive a course of private bank service.

The academy would be a noble building, dedicated to a noble purpose; but it is in its experimental stage as yet. Whether it will be equal to all that is hoped and expected of it must depend on its present management, and the quality of its guides its councils. It is already doing a great work and exerting a power in supplying the needs of struggling intellectual life, which moderns appreciate more than the mere devourers of popular literature.

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A VALUABLE RELIC.

An Interesting Relic of Silver Found in Sonora, Mexico.

The San Francisco Chronicle states that there was sent from that city recently, as a present to Princeton College, New Jersey, as valuable and unique a relic of ancient American civilization as has yet been discovered. It consists of a solid silver bowl, and was forwarded from the merchants of Nogales, Mexico, to whom it was sold by prospectors.

The State of Sonora has long been regarded by mining men as a land of gold and silver, and in consequence of this belief it is very thoroughly prospected. Some few months ago a band of prospectors were in that section of the country known as the "dead line," and in which no foreigner can locate mining property and discovered this remarkable relic. It is made of natural silver from the mine called Las Planchas de Plata, which lies some twenty-five miles to the southwest of Nogales. Besides this specimen other large lumps were found, which proves that the district is enormously rich.

This peculiar piece of silver weighs nine pounds two and one-half ounces, or 110 ounces, and goes \$1 to the ounce. It is four inches in length and tapers from three to three and one-half inches, and from one to one and one-third inches in thickness. It has been hammered into shape, but has not been melted. It is identical in shape to a clumsy wedge with a cleft in which could be inserted a piece of wood or other substance to serve as a hammer or a mallet.

The Nogales merchant sent it to the Selby Smelting Works and information of its arrival was carried to New York, when Henry Marquand, of that city, made an offer for it, intending to present it to the alma mater, Princeton College. The Selby people at first wanted \$500 for it, but finally sold it for \$150.

For ornament, of course, it is useless. It is four inches in length and tapers from three to three and one-half inches, and from one to one and one-third inches in thickness. It has been hammered into shape, but has not been melted. It is identical in shape to a clumsy wedge with a cleft in which could be inserted a piece of wood or other substance to serve as a hammer or a mallet.

—Chicago Leader.

LOVE WAS IN HER EYES.

When first she met I love I wooed,
I gave the sign to hope and passion;
She smiled at my unguessed mood,
And told me "Love was out of fashion."

In daily years I tried to
To move her by my pretty wiles,
She smiled at each and every side,
And thought my love was none of it.
I took her to my father's bank,
And showed her vaults of shining gold;
I laughed at love and laughed at rank,
And there again my tale I told.
The dawn of love was in her eyes—
Her answer was not hard to guess—
I saw her bloom, fall and decay,
She blushed and softly answered "Yes."

—Chicago Leader.

THE INTER-STATE LAW.

Was not necessitated in order to insure

FAIR AND EQUITABLE

Treatment on the part of the

BALTIMORE AND OHIO

TOWARD THE PUBLIC.

If other lines required the creation of the

INTER-STATE COMMISSION

In order to keep them straight and compel them to observe that

FAIR PLAY ALL AROUND

So dear to the American idea of a square deal, it is a good thing that this necessity has been realized and the great power of Congress invoked to bring about a proper sense of the situation. The

BALTIMORE AND OHIO

With its half-century's record of ABSOLUTE IMPARTIALITY, its unswerving adherence to the principle of AMERICAN RAILROADS, and its UNQUESTIONED ATTITUDE as regards the demands of the traveling public has beyond dispute long stood at the very head in popular estimation.

It is not altogether improbable that, in view of the financial success achieved under the steadily-maintained

LIBERAL POLICY OF THE B. & O.,

Our National Legislators, in enacting the Inter-State Commerce Law, were aiming to impress this object lesson upon the attention of other railway managers and teach them that the way to prosperity and public favor was through the hope of reaching the standard of the sterling old company, which has so long led the way and merits the proud distinction of being designated as THE MODEL LINE.

THE B. & O.

Is still, however, the only line running Limited Express trains, without extra charge, from the Great Rivers and Lakes of the West over the Alleghenies to the Sea. In fact, it is THE ONLY LINE in the country running limited fast trains anywhere upon which the rule is strictly adhered to of not making an extra money rate for fast time.

On the B. & O. the best that modern railroad progress can attain is given for the regular fare, and no thought of adding figure figures. It is the only line between the East and the West via Washington, and the only line passing through the National Capital en route.

It is the only line through the historic and famously beautiful Valley of the Potomac, with Harper's Ferry on route, and well indeed it is named

PICTURESQUE B. & O.

Travel Agents everywhere furnish information, and it is well to send to a series of money to become posted thoroughly as to the advantages of the Baltimore and Ohio for a trip anywhere between the East and the West.

NO MORE

WHITEWASHING

Plastic Paint

is the best

and most

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